

KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

VOLUME I.—NO. 10.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SHAMROCK.

Challenge for the America's Cup Received and Accepted.

Sir Thomas Lipton Well Represented. The Document Carried by Men With Histories.

The Picturesque and Romantic Site of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club Association.

WHERE THE RACER IS TO BE BUILT

The formal challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton for the America's Cup on behalf of his ninety-foot cutter Shamrock, which was issued through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, was duly signed by the representatives of the Irish club, the members of the committee affixing their names to the document shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The document was cheerfully accepted by the New York Yacht Club, whose representatives also placed their names to the articles of agreement and conditions.

With the arrival in this country of the quartet of yachtsmen from the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, bearers of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge of the America's Cup, interest in the sport, which has received little impetus during the past season, is reviving, and yachtsmen are looking forward to a red letter year in 1899. The challenger is known to some extent in this country, and in a vague way the reputation of the shipyard of Harland & Wolff has spread to these shores. Little, however, has been written of Sir Thomas' associates in the Royal Ulster Club. The names of Sharman-Crawford, McGildowney and Kelly are well known in Irish history, as is also that of Lord Dufferin, Commodore of the club through which the challenge is issued.

Sir Thomas Lipton is proud of the land of his fathers. The "hard times" in Ireland drove his parents out to seek work and shelter in the city of Glasgow, in which he was born, but the accident of his birth has never caused him to look upon himself other than an Irishman. There are thousands, besides, of Glasgow Irish, the offspring of famine days, but the strip of sea between the Scotch and Irish coasts does not separate their hearts from the old land. Wealth and honors have not rendered Sir Thomas any less sterling than plain Tom Lipton, and the genuineness of his character is made clear when, turning homeward, he raises up Ireland to challenge for the America's Cup.

The shipyard in which the Shamrock is to be built takes rank with the greatest in the world. For centuries Ireland knew not trade and no merchandise was imported or exported in Irish-built ships. One hundred and sixteen years ago these restrictions were removed, and England, in difficulty, in response to the demand of Henry Grattan and the volunteers, granted "free trade" or rather the right to trade. But what with famines and insurrections, nothing on a large scale was attempted in shipbuilding for over half a century. Yards were established in various parts of the country, but the first to really attract general attention and attain more than local prominence was that of Harland & Wolff. Sites with deeper water and better natural facilities in every sense of the word could be had in other cities, but exorbitant prices were asked, and eventually the workshops were erected on the strip of land known as the Queen's Island, on the County Down side of the city of Belfast, then a town struggling gallantly out of its swaddling clothes. The island was originally little better than a mud heap, and was known as Dargan's Island, but local enterprise connected it with the mainland, and on it was erected one of those crystal palaces, a craze for which existed in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. The young Queen was received in this palace on her first and last visit to Ireland, some forty-eight years ago, and in commemoration of this the island and its connecting filled-in ground was renamed the Queen's Island.

Since the opening of the shipyard more ground has been reclaimed from the River Lagan, until now the great yards cover many acres and give employment to upward of 6,000 men. The finest graving docks in the world have been built at the island, and in the workshops are fashioned everything that goes to constitute a modern steamship, from the simplest rivet to the most complex piece of machinery. There have been turned out all of the magnificent fleet of the White Star line, including such ocean flyers as the Majestic and the Teutonic. Just now the Oceanic is being built there, and she, it is promised, will be the largest ship that sails the seas. At the Queen's Island are also built the magnificently luxurious ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company.

Harland & Wolff have besides added some of its finest vessels to the British navy. Harland was several times Mayor of Belfast and was rewarded with a baronetcy for the style in which he received their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, during his term of office in the early eighties. He was at first offered a knighthood for his courtesies to that

occasion, but he declined the honor—an exhibition of pride and pluck for which he was heartily applauded. A baronetcy was then offered and accepted. Sir Edward Harland represented the North division of the city in Parliament. He died a few years since in his country home, county Leitrim, in which he was possessed of landed estates. The present head of the firm is ex-Lord Mayor Pirrie.

The great firm has not hitherto gone in for yacht building, but such is its record, capabilities and possibilities that the defenders may look well to their laurels.

The first representative of Sir Thomas Lipton to arrive in this country is a sturdy Irishman who comes of good Irish stock—the Hon. Charles Russell. He is the son of Lord Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the first Irishman who has held that honor. Lord Killowen was born at Killowen, a lonely but charming spot near Rosstrevor, in County Down. The Russells were a well-to-do, honest, simple people, intensely devoted to the old faith. Charles was destined, in his mother's eyes, for the church—his uncle was President of the alma mater of the Irish priesthood, Maynooth College. His brother Matthew, however, entered the church, and is today a prominent member of the Jesuit order. He also edits a high-class magazine called the Irish Monthly. Charles went to the law. He began his legal career as a police court attorney in Belfast, but soon tired of that limited field. The bar attracted him, but the Irish bar at that time, particularly the northern circuit, in which he would have to seek fortune and fame, was not quite tempting enough for his ambitions. He accordingly was called to the English bar, of which he became a shining light. He allied himself to the Liberal party and followed the fortunes of Gladstone. He sat in Parliament for County Louth until defeated by a Parnellite candidate, Russell, at this time Sir Charles, has held office under Gladstone.

When "the Grand Old Man" became converted to Home Rule Sir Charles was one of the foremost champions of the cause, and he brilliantly defended Parnell in his famous issue with the London Times. Sir Charles was further rewarded for his loyalty to the English Liberal party by his elevation to the Lord Chief Justiceship. When he came to select his title he remembered his old home in Ireland and became Lord Killowen. His son, Sir Thomas Lipton's envoy, practices in London as an attorney. He it was who conducted the defense of Edward J. Ivory, of New York, who was arrested in Glasgow charged with being concerned in a dynamite plot. Mr. Russell advised that Ivory plead guilty so that he might get off with a light sentence, but John F. McIntyre, who went over to London in the case, thought differently, and the prosecution was suddenly abandoned.

The representatives of Sir Thomas Lipton who arrived on the Britannic on Friday are Sharman-Crawford, Hugh C. Kelly and Hugh McGildowney. The name of Sharman-Crawford is a magic one in Ireland, especially in the Ulster province. First among the champions of the Irish tenant farmers was the grandfather of the present bearer of the honored name. At a time when, according even to the English Solicitor-General, the houses of the tenantry were such as the lower animals would not endure, when they had neither right nor title to the soil which they cultivated and improved, Sharman-Crawford fought their battle. In 1835 he introduced in the British Parliament bills for the improvement of their condition, but only to meet defeat. Year after year from his seat in Parliament he pleaded their cause, but in vain until in 1846 and 1847 a million and a half of the Irish peasantry died of hunger on the roadsides. Sharman-Crawford was the soul of the movement, and, backed by the sturdy Presbyterian farmers of Ulster, he waged a fierce battle against the landlords and their friends. The fight waged by Sharman-Crawford, although a losing one until he was laid in the grave, was crowned with victory in the end. His son, who bore his name and who is still living, took up the standard where his father dropped it, and carried on the battle in and out of Parliament. The Tenant Right Association paved the way for the Land League and concessions of which the elder Crawford never even dreamed.

The present Sharman-Crawford has taken no part in politics, preferring to devote himself to sports and to the enjoyment of his beautiful home at Crawford's Burn, overlooking Belfast Lough. On his property is situated the Royal Ulster Clubhouse. Nearby is the charming sea-side place Bangor and the seat of the Commodore of the yacht club, the Earl of Dufferin. Lord Dufferin was until recently British Ambassador to France, and there is no abler man in the entire peerage. His mother was a sister of the noted orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her name will be remembered as long as the English language lasts for her beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant."

Across the bay from the Crawford residence and that of Earl Dufferin is also from the yacht club house is the ancient castle of Carrickfergus, beneath whose battlements William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on Irish soil. To the southwest arises, over the smoke of the city of Belfast, the grim mountain precipice, the Cave Hill, on the summit of which was founded the Society of United Irishmen by Theobald Wolfe Tone. Tone's granddaughter lives in Brooklyn, and his wife and his son, who was an officer in the American army, rest in Greenwood cemetery.

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

GREAT PARADE

Was That of Louisville's Workingmen Monday Afternoon.

Nearly All of the Business Houses Were Closed and Many Represented in the Procession.

The Entire Celebration Passed Off Without a Hitch and Reflects Credit on the Committees.

FINE SHOWING MADE BY THE UNIONS

The Labor Day celebration of 1898 has come and gone. The excellent programme for the occasion was carried out to the letter and reflects great credit on the gentlemen having charge of the arrangements. Although the skies were cloudy and showers fell about noon, the ardor and interest of the people were not dampened, and the immense parade was witnessed by probably a larger number of people than on any former occasion. The parade was a success in every respect, the marchers conducting themselves in military style throughout the whole route. Chief Marshal Humphrey Knecht and the vast number of men in line were the recipients of cheers and praise from the starting point to the finish for the splendid appearance and precision which was displayed by them. Each of the twenty unions participating is entitled to credit, but the printers, salesmen and stone-cutters are entitled to special mention. The printers made an excellent showing, though not as large as they expected, because the members of their union who work on the afternoon papers were unable to take part. The Salesmen's Union turned out in one of the prettiest uniforms ever seen on the streets of this city, and they proved themselves the best drilled body in the procession. The parade and line of march were carried out in the order announced in our last week's issue.

A new and imposing spectacle in the Labor Day celebration was the industrial feature of the parade, and one which demonstrates the friendly relations existing between the employers and the employees of this city. With nearly every trades union were the floats of some of the employers and business houses. These were elegantly gotten up and were far above general expectation. Levy Bros., the Market-street clothing dealers, exhibited their public spirit by furnishing the handsome and most attractive float in the parade. The floats of the Frank Fehr and Senn & Ackerman Brewing Companies also made a neat appearance in line with the Brewers' Union. The following are the firms and unions who placed floats in the parade:

Evening Post.
Louisville Dispatch.
Courier-Journal Job Printing Company.
Levy Bros.
Mammoth Clothing Company.
Loewenhardt Clothing Company.
Crutcher & Starks.
Frank Fehr Brewing Company.
Senn and Ackerman.
Phoenix Hill Brewing Company.
Union Brewing Company.
Schaefer & Meyer Brewing Company.
Christ Brewery.
Nadoff Brewery.
Union Cigarmakers.
Etheridge Furniture Company.
William F. Mayer.
Louisville Trotting & Fair Association.
Swiss Colony Wine House.
Finzer Tobacco Company.
Straeffer & Son.
Wolff Grocery Company.
Pacific Coal Company.
Herdson & Carter.
Ross & McCall.
Button Grocery.
Hughes Lumber Company.

A float that caused general comment was that of the Cigarmakers' Union, showing the difference between the union-made product and that of the scab-shop and tenement-house disease-producing article.

The industrial parade was a great success and will be long remembered by all who took part in or witnessed it.

After the procession disbanded the workers and their friends took possession of Phoenix Hill Park, where the balance of the afternoon and night were devoted to recreation and enjoyment. In addition to an excellent concert in the park there was fine dance music in the large hall, and the floor was constantly thronged with merry young folks until a late hour.

The main feature of the evening was the address of Mr. Charles N. Jacques, the well-known labor student and writer, who was introduced by Mr. Herman Christen, the Chairman, to one of the largest audiences ever assembled to listen to a Labor Day oration in this city. Owing to recent illness Mr. Jacques was unable to speak as long as was desired; nevertheless his speech was received with enthusiasm and was frequently applauded. Owing to lack of space we are compelled to omit it from this issue. It will be printed in full next week, and we commend its perusal to all classes of our citizens.

The large crowds remained until a late hour, and as they withdrew from the park were loud in their praises of the

officers and members of the Central Labor Union and the day's pleasure they had been furnished.

SOME NOTES.

The city government was well represented.

Labor Day will be remembered only with pleasure.

Levy Brothers accompanied the Salesmen's Union in hacks.

Charles N. Jacques delivered a masterful and patriotic oration.

That was a happy crowd gathered at Phoenix Hill in the evening.

The Salesmen's Union made a fine showing and is a credit to the business houses of the city.

The day was quite generally observed, nearly all places of business closing during the afternoon.

The Theatrical Stage Employes had a neat stage scene in line and they made a decided impression.

I. Nace Vetter and Walter Darby occupied prominent positions as guests of the Central Labor Union.

Many were the expressions of pleasure at seeing so many of the old-time labor leaders in the parade.

The office of the Kentucky Irish American was closed and it took part in the great demonstration.

President McGill had reason to be exceedingly well pleased over the result of the labors of himself and his committees. Alderman Humphrey Knecht did great work in preparing for the parade, and to his untiring efforts much of its success is due.

Mayor Weaver, Charles N. Jacques and Messrs. Christen and De Souchet were the recipients of an ovation all along the line.

Assistant Marshals Weber, Fuchs and Stevens presented a splendid appearance with Marshal Knecht at the head of the parade.

Marshal Knecht was anxious and labored hard to have everything start off in order. His work was greatly appreciated.

None of the features on the various floats attracted more attention than Uncle Sam and the Dewey boys on the Levy Bros' float.

The officials of the Louisville & Nashville road gave their 5,000 employees in this city a holiday. This kindly act will not be forgotten.

Marshal Patrick Fitzpatrick was the idol of the Fourth division. The Stone Cutters in his division made a hit in their white hats and white shirts.

The Horseshoers' Union made a fine appearance and were the recipients of much applause. Messrs. Coy and Roberts have done much for this body.

Many on the sidewalks were heard to express regret that they were not members of the unions, that they might take part with their fellow-workmen.

The Cigarmakers' Union made the largest turn-out of all and marched four abreast. Many who saw their floats resolved to smoke nothing hereafter but blue-label cigars.

Corporal James Kinnarney and his assistants are deserving of much credit for the pleasing manner in which they moved the vast throngs that crowded the streets and cleared the way for the procession.

The Leather Workers were proud to be marshaled by Councilman Feeney, and will double their strength by next Labor Day. They say they will next year eclipse anything ever seen in Louisville in a labor parade.

One of the carriages that attracted most favorable comment was that occupied by Mike Lawler, Sr., Mike Tynan, Mike Hickey and Mike Lawler, Jr., all popular men and long identified with the trades unionists.

The committee which planned the arrangements for the celebration was composed of Messrs. Christen, De Souchet, Fuchs, Tiller, Cronk, Peetz, Patrick Fitzpatrick, James Roberts, Humphrey Knecht and Schweitzers.

John Hickey, Marshal of the Second division, presented a truly military appearance. He rode the best-appearing horse in the parade. Marshal Hickey had a large body of men, and he handled them with the skill and precision of a veteran.

Louis Heitz, Marshal of the Printers' Union, did the handsome thing in forming his men in line and receiving the guests and other unions with honors at the hill. The courtesy was highly appreciated, and No. 10 was cheered by each passing union.

JOLLY OUTING.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will have their outing at Riverview Park Wednesday next. There will be vocal and instrumental music and dancing, and the ladies have made preparations for a pleasing reception of their friends and admirers. The admission has been placed at the small sum of ten cents, the proceeds of which will go toward the purchase of a piano for their hall. This promises to be a jolly outing for all who are so fortunate as to attend.

BLOCKADED.

There was quite a blockade at the corner of Third and Market streets Tuesday. One hundred large boxes filled the sidewalks as well as a large portion of the street. They were filled with new fall and winter goods for Levy Bros., and their value was about \$50,000. This large addition to the immense stock carried by the Levy Bros. will cause great bargain sales, the announcement of which will be found in our columns.

This paper is only \$1 per year.

RAFFERTY

Tells the Real Story of the Dashing Charge at San Juan.

Bravery and Example That Won Praise and Filled Members of His Command with Enthusiasm.

Was at the Front With the Regulars. One of the Valorous Officers of the Seventy-First.

CONFINED TO HIS BED WITH FEVER

One of the bravest of the brave at the assault on San Juan hill lies weak and feverish at his home, No. 72 Remsen street, Astoria. He is Capt. Malcom A. Rafferty, of Company F, Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers.

He was the first man to scale the heights in a storm of bullets. He it was who yelled, "Come on, F," and filled the men of his command with his own tumultuous enthusiasm. Modest as he is brave, Capt. Rafferty, when seen by a reporter, said first and foremost that he was getting undue praise, says the New York World.

"My doctor has forbidden me to talk much," he said, in well modulated tones, "but do clear up the mistake about my being a wonder and all that. I did not graduate at Rugby, but at Bedford School, which does not rank as high as Rugby. I was born in Bedford, Ireland, not in England. I have served in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry, as stated, and I've knocked around the world, too."

"When did you feel happiest, Captain, at the surrender of Santiago or when you captured San Juan?"

"I felt no exaltation at the downfall of Santiago. We all expected that, but I must say I was disappointed at the way we took it. It does not become an officer to criticize his superiors. They knew many things I did not. If they could save their men and get Santiago, too, of course it was right to do it; but honestly I felt that we could take it right on the heels of San Juan. We would have lost a good many, that's true."

The Captain paused and sighed, but the fighting blood still bubbled in his veins, and he had to add—"Still, we'd a whipped 'em out of their boots." He smiled and moved his hands a little nervously.

"Then you felt exultant at the critical moment at San Juan?"

"Well, I felt pretty happy."

"Just how did the regiment go into action that day?"

"I lend me a pencil and I'll try to show you. In the early morning we were at Balloon Forks, as the places were called where the balloon came down so full of holes. The main road leading to San Juan and the hills all around it started from there, but we were on a side path which led obliquely to the stream at the foot of the hill. The regiment was placed so (illustrating on the diagram), the Third Battalion, Major Keck's first unit on the road; beyond them the Second battalion, and further in front the First battalion. These were nearest the enemy's firing line. They were ordered to lie and get what protection they could in the underbrush, etc."

"Where were the regulars?"

"I was about to explain that they came up behind and pushed along. At this time I supposed they were to keep to the road and we were to be sent out on the flank to hold the line of the creek. There came an opening and I went out on this point."

"The men of my company pushed right along and forded the creek, which was up to their necks. From the creek up to the main blockhouse was an open space, which the Spaniards just swept with volleys. We clambered along toward the eminence on which the fort stood. Adj. Tarrian, of the Twenty-fourth infantry, one of the colored regiments, a splendid officer and man, came up and said, 'Where are you going?'"

"I replied, 'Up the hill.'"

"'Good,' said he. 'You're the kind we want.' So along with the regulars Company F went up."

"Then you had a full company of volunteers alongside the regulars?"

"Yes; and let me tell you they fought well. The volunteers did as well as the regulars at that stage."

"Just then along came Gen. Hawkins. Seeing my cap, he said, 'Who are you?' I replied, 'Company F, of the Seventy-first.' 'Any others?' he asked. 'Not that I know of,' I answered."

"You see, at such a juncture formations get broken up and commands separated. So he continued, 'Very well, remain with the Twenty-fourth and fall back and rest.' You understand, fresh troops were coming up and we were pretty tired, so they wanted us to retire in favor of the fresh men."

"We went down the slope to this point with the regulars. Then seeing a battery all unsupported, my company and Major Keck's battalion, which had somehow managed to get to the front—it was really wonderful how they did it, too—went over to support the artillery. It was here Keck waved that little hanky of his, and the Captain smiled as he pictured the scene."

"Keck was leading his men along superbly, quietly, too."

"He seemed to take everything easily, didn't he?"

"Well, I believe the Major says men of his complexion (sandy hair, tawny mustaches, etc.) didn't suffer as much as the rest," said the Captain, with a faint laugh as he recollected his own Celtic appearance, "but light and dark seemed to get it alike. Why, the Cubans themselves knocked under as easily as the white men."

"And the rain?"

"Oh, that was wonderful. I especially remember one night. It was July 10, and a blacker night I never saw. Really, you could feel the darkness. If a man was as near as you are you never could tell it till a flash of lightning came. It was a terribly heavy rain."

"We were in the trenches. It was as bad for those in tents in the ditches. We had it arranged so that we could turn about. That is, if two companies were in the trenches at one spot, one officer would watch for both; but I concluded I'd better be right there in case anything turned up, so I dug a shelf for myself."

"It is this way: One side of the trench slopes—the outer side. On the inside one wall is straight; the other has a step so men can get up and see to shoot over the parapet. On the straight side I dug out a shaft. I remember it well, for it took me a good two hours to do it. I had two pouches, one good one and a rubber cape, so I fixed things to keep me dry, one under me and one over."

"I had it fixed beautifully, with a little drain around it and all."

"I must have been there about one hour when I was literally washed out. It was inky black, and as I stumbled on to my feet I grabbed somebody and said, 'Who's that?' He answered, 'Goldsborough'—that's the Captain of Company M—I've come to see how you were."

"Of course, there was no use trying to keep dry, and sleep was out of the question. So we stood around together waiting for daylight."

"Didn't you fear a night attack?"

"Well there was danger of that, for they knew the ground and we didn't, and we might easily have begun shooting our own men. The sentries could only see when there was a flash of lightning. Then they would throw their eyes about and see if anything was going on."

"Was the rain cold?"

"Yes, very, it seemed to us, and so heavy. We lined our men up and sent down to the hospital tent and got a bottle of quinine. We stood them up and gave 'em take their medicine one after another. It was all we had, and so quinine was given 'em for everything."

"It was then the whole trouble was over. I was often hungry and tired and thirsty, as everybody was. We had only hard tack and green coffee and no way to prepare that. Then we ran short of rations and the anxiety—the men were changed about from trench to trench to reform the line and reorganize commands, and that's very trying—all told upon the men and fever was planted in their systems."

"How did you first get separated from your regiment?"

"Some militia officers would stay in one spot till ordered out if their very last man was shot. Now, I have a whole-some disregard for all that sometimes. I believe times come when you've got to disobey or to anticipate orders and you'll win honor and credit for doing so."

"Discipline and obedience are great things, but not to be followed under all circumstances."

"When you were ordered to retire from the crest of the height with the regulars, had the firing become less steady?"

"No; they kept clearing that slope with volleys right along. That's why the unprotected battery over on the right, which we went to support, had to hurry to get away. I can't collect my thoughts just now, but I think it was Battery K, of the Fourth artillery. They were stripped for hot work—revolvers, belts, everything was on the ground around them. I remember picking up one officer's revolver and returning it to him the next day."

The Captain was full of his subject, and forgetting his physician's orders sat upright and spoke earnestly, but his watchful wife here stepped in and begged him to rest. He sunk back, and then reiterated his first remark about not wanting praise nor due him. "I appreciate all the good words that have been spoken and enjoy them, but don't give me credit where it isn't mine."

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

A meeting of the tenants on the Purdon estate, at O'Connell's, was held on Wednesday, Rev. P. Glynn in the chair. The reverend chairman said that while the most friendly relations had existed between the Purdon tenantry and their landlords and agent, he was sure they were all delighted that they were within measurable distance of becoming their own landlords. The profits of farming in Ireland were far too small to permit of a division of them between landlord and tenant. They should be prepared to pay a fair purchase price, such a price as would enable them to pay the interest on the money borrowed and meet their obligations to the shopkeeper and discharge the duties toward their children. They should make an honest and a reasonable offer for their holdings, and not impose on themselves burdens which they would not be able to bear. Resolutions were then passed expressing satisfaction at the prospect of a sale to the tenants, and pledging those present to give a fair "live and let live" price for their holdings.

The newest shade of red is begonia. It is rich and deep, and not so harsh as cherry red or cardinal.

CHAS. R. BURKE

Another Irishman Speaks Out for the Poor and Oppressed.

A Standard Oil Magnate Exhorts the Laboring Men to Arise and Fight the Trusts.

"To Succeed Labor Must Fight Capital With Capital or With Anarchy or Revolution."

BRAINS AND MONEY ARE NEEDED

Here is a Standard Oil millionaire who says the laboring class should unite and prepare themselves for mighty conflict with capital; who openly denounces monopoly as tyranny and monopolists as thieves and robbers; who asserts and believes that labor fails to get its just rights, and who says the time must come when labor shall be emancipated, and who predicts a revolution.

The man who makes these astonishing statements is himself a member of the Standard Trust and a stockholder in it. He is Charles Russell Burke, a descendant of Edmund Burke, the great Commoner of England. He was Secretary of the famous Eagle Oil Company before it was swallowed up by Mr. John D. Rockefeller's great octopus, and has ever since held an important place in the Standard, being an expert on the oil trade.

His father, Russell W. Burke, was the greatest handler of petroleum in the world prior to the organization of the great trust by Rockefeller, into which he was drawn with most of the other dealers in America.

He owned the Empire, the Queens County and several other oil refining plants, and did a heavy business in the export as well as in the domestic trade. But the octopus took him in, and its tentacles have held all his interests fast ever since that day.

Charles Russell Burke, the author of this striking bit of advice to American workmen, is a cousin of Senator Redfield Proctor on his mother's side. The Burkes are a Vermont family.

A very rich and influential uncle of the writer is Charles C. Burke, ex-President of the New England Produce Exchange.

This new and ardent friend of the laboring man married a few years ago Miss Maria C. Benson, a daughter of R. H. Benson, founder of the beautiful town of Bensonhurst, L. I.

In his novel, called "Thistle Sifters," the advance sheets of which the Sunday Journal has just received from P. Tennyson Neely, Mr. Burke says all this, and a great deal more.

The novel itself is a light and flimsy affair, the characters being, in the main, a weak and detestable crew. But the story is interesting and the pointed lesson it conveys to the men who produce all the wealth in the world, and who reap so little of the fruit of their toil, is a sufficient excuse for the medium chosen by the author.

This is Mr. Burke's language to American labor:

"You are being oppressed to the verge of slavery by your masters, the controllers of the great monopolistic corporations. There is no help for you unless you take these monopolies into your own hands. To do this you must have both brains and money."

"You must adopt their methods to some extent. If you have the money you can buy the brains, as the big corporations are now doing. I propose a plan by which you can acquire all the money you need."

"It is a business plan. It is based on the very principles which have made possible the vast accumulations of capital which now threaten to enslave mankind. You must make sacrifices to achieve it; you must make up your mind to wait patiently, to save, to deny yourselves, to trust those whom you chose to execute your high purpose, and to be faithful unto death till the goal is attained."

"You must remember that all the capital in the world is produced by your own toil. Every dollar that is controlled and used against you by the monopolists, every dollar that has been employed in the building of railroads and telegraphs, in the development of mines and oil fields, and in bringing to the yielding point all the great natural resources of the country, is the direct outgrowth of your toil, or the toil of men who, like you, received only a pittance for their work, while all the vast profits have gone into the pockets of manipulators and schemers."

"In your present broken and disorganized condition you can do nothing to further your interests nor to regain your rights. You see the struggle becoming more hopeless every day, and you must know that unless you do something effective to help yourselves the situation of your children will be worse than your own, and that of your children's children absolutely desperate."

"If you can not accomplish the great result in time to enjoy its fruits yourselves, you can certainly do so in time to save your children from a slavery more abject than your own, and you must begin at once, for your enemy is growing

CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE

KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

Devoted to the Moral and Social Advancement of all Irish Americans.

WILLIAM M. HIGGINS, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 5c.

Entered at the Louisville Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Address all Communications to the KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN, 326 West Green Street.



LOUISVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1898.

ENTERPRISING.

The Kentucky Irish American gave its readers last week the most complete report of the great Dublin celebration published in these United States. We are not as old and perhaps not as experienced as many of our contemporaries, but we possess the energy that will enable this paper to equal the best and be surpassed by none.

A number of new and special features will be added from time to time, which will greatly enhance its already established value as an advertising medium. Our readers will be pleased to know that the size of the paper is to be enlarged, thereby presenting them much more interesting matter than at present.

DISREPUTABLE JOURNALISM.

The Louisville Commercial was for many years under the editorial control of Col. R. M. Kelly, with Albert S. Dietzman in charge of the business department, and under this management it was a powerful and popular paper, notwithstanding its Republican principles. When it fell into the hands of the present tramp management its circulation and business diminished into insignificance and its influence was quickly lost.

The libelous and lying article which it published in its issue of Wednesday last on the police force appointments shows to what damnable depths of degradation it has descended. The knaves in charge of it imagine that they are playing smart politics when they invent falsehoods and give them currency in order to stir up race and national prejudices among and against our citizens of foreign birth and descent. Its editor coined a lie, put it in the mouth of Mayor Weaver and his official associates and labeled it "Damn the Dutch." That expression bears the stamp of the Commercial office and shows how deep its degradation is.

Against the Post's fling at carpet-baggers it places the sentiment of the honest people of Kentucky in favor of immigration to shield its Ohio tramps; but it seeks in every possible way to stir up prejudice against the people of Irish descent and against the population of German extraction. The people and the politicians have not said "Damn the Dutch," but they have damned the Commercial and its tramps and marplots from Ohio, who came here to breed discord and enmity between those who are naturally friends.

Its attacks on Col. John Whallen are accepted by the public as tributes to his character, and instead of weakening his influence they make him stronger. Its damnation is praise and its praise is damnation for public officials and public men. Will Roland B. Gelatt, the newspaper wrecker in charge of the Commercial wreck, agree to show down his public and private character with the men he assails and let the public see the accuser and the accused as they are? Will he?

Among the police appointed are some of the best and truest men in Louisville, notably like Capt. Tom Maher, Mike Barry, Patrick Mulen, William Lawler, John Lincoln, Edward Egan, John Sheehan and a score of others.

The practice of the Commercial since it has fallen into the gutter and lost the respect of the public is to substitute lies for news and filth for brains. Its attacks on the Irish and German population, and particularly those employed by the city, neither injures them nor ben-

efits it, but they emphasize the degradation and ruin of a once valuable piece of newspaper property. The newspapers which the Gods would destroy they turn over to the management of tramps and fakirs.

SCANDALOUS CARELESSNESS.

The whole country stands aghast at the horrible ravages that fever and other sickness are reported by the daily press to have made among the soldiers at Camp Wikoff and other points. History will tell who is to blame for this terrible mismanagement. Objections were raised at first to establishing a camp at Montauk Point, Long Island, but money and influence and tremendous lobbying at Washington were brought to bear till the interested parties, the railroads, were victorious. As a result heroes, whom a brave nation could not even touch, now are lying dead, slain by the insidious enemies, fever and neglect. Had the first few cases been properly treated doubtless there would have been a different story to tell, but little care, insufficient medicine and improper food helped to make the story what it is. Efforts were made even to keep the matter from the public, but when the press got hold of it "there was rushing to and fro and hurrying" to correct what hitherto had been defective. Surely hard tack and bacon were strange food for sick people. One poor fellow is reported saying that he will never forget the first piece of white bread that was given him—"it was a taste of heaven!" Think of it! Millions of willing dollars waiting to be converted into necessary food and medicines for these very men! What caused this deadly supineness? Alas, that the nation's brave should have been so treated. When mothers gave up their sons they imagined that their boys' "superior officers" would watch over the charges entrusted to them; when wives parted from their husbands they supposed that everything would be done for the comfort of men who bravely answered the call to protect their country's interests. But here let them draw aside the curtain and expose the horrors of Montauk Point. Men lying on the hard ground in all the agonies of raging fever, with no care but that given by sympathetic comrades; many forced to get up and answer bugle call and drill in the morning who could scarcely stand on their feet. Many were actually carried fainting to their tents. The War Department will surely investigate this awful scandal, for scandal it is, and bring to account those who have been instrumental in locating camps in unsuitable localities in which through lack of a good water supply or through contiguity to ponds or marsh land fever or malaria might be supposed to exist. The railroads, like cormorants, had to be satisfied, and the lives of our men and boys were only a secondary consideration—not even that, when we are told that hundreds have died from sheer starvation. God grant that the arch demons who have helped along this state of chaos and misery may be found out and suffer the punishment they so richly deserve.

Hon. Oscar Turner has returned to the city, and is arranging the preliminaries for his campaign.

When the Commercial again lacks matter to fill its columns it will not attack our Irish American citizens. It may slander the Fire Department, perhaps, but we would suggest that instead it insert a few columns of its imported boiler plate matter: That will furnish better reading and produce better results in the counting-room.

Send in your names and subscriptions at once. We want to double our circulation and the size of the paper. Its price is only \$1 per year, and is the only paper published in this part of the country that is devoted to the interests of the Irish American public.

We deprecate newspaper controversies and regret to say anything harsh to our neighbors, but we can not and will not let pass unnoticed such scurrilous reflections as have recently been appearing in the columns of the Commercial.

We will endeavor to protect the interests of our Irish American citizens in all quarters, and are willing to do the same for the Germans, but that is unnecessary, as our neighbor, the Anzeiger, has for many years demonstrated.

Hon. Walter Evans has the support of only the Commercial, while his opponent, Hon. Oscar Turner, is backed by the entire Democratic press. The prospects of Mr. Evans' return to Congress are not the most flattering.

The expressions of favor with which the Kentucky Irish American has been received during the past week are highly gratifying. A large number of names were added to our subscription lists.

No newspaper will gain the patronage of our German citizens by trying to embroil them in factional quarrels with their neighbors and friends.

SACRED HEART CHURCH

Pleasant Time Arranged For Those Who Attend the Picnic Monday.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Sacred Heart church congregation have been working zealously for the past three weeks, and now all the arrangements are completed for the picnic and outing, and they assure all who visit Riverview Park a day of real pleasure and enjoyment. There will be various games and amusements for the little ones, who will be admitted free, and the different committees of ladies and gentlemen have made all necessary preparations for the entertainment of the young ladies and gentlemen, and the older ones, also. We learn that a number of new and pleasing novelties will be introduced, which will furnish a great deal of amusement. The ladies will serve an excellent dinner and supper at very reasonable prices, so there will be no necessity for any one being burdened with baskets or lunches. A large number of very handsome young ladies have volunteered to serve at the various stands and booths, and it will be worth more than the nominal price of admission to have the opportunity of seeing and admiring so much loveliness. To be served by them will be a pleasure not to be soon forgotten. We advise our young men readers to take advantage of this and do their part toward making it the most enjoyable occasion of the season.

Riverview Park is a delightful place, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Street Railway Company will furnish ample transportation facilities for the accommodation of all who attend. As there are a great many who have not seen this beautiful place, we would say to them that this will be the last opportunity of the season, and they should not miss it. Representatives are expected to be present from all the congregations, and, as Rev. Father Walsh is one of the most popular clergymen in the city, and his lady and gentlemen assistants experienced and hospitable entertainers, we hope all will do their part to make this the most pleasing and successful event in the history of the Sacred Heart church. It will be remembered that this is the church that was completely destroyed by the cyclone in 1890, and the picnic is given to reduce the debt occasioned by the erection of the present handsome edifice. All our citizens should feel it a pleasure to assist Father Walsh in this noble work.

RECENT DEATHS.

Miss Nellie V. Egan, one of the most respected ladies of the West End, died Wednesday night at the family residence, 1920 Portland avenue, of consumption. She was twenty-five years of age and had been ill some time. Hers marks the third death in the immediate family within a year. The funeral took place Friday morning from St. Patrick's church and was very largely attended.

Martin Connaughton, sixty-four years of age, who died Wednesday night at his home on Broadway, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, was a well-known and highly respected citizen, and was formerly a policeman, having served on the force for years. He leaves four daughters and two sons, all of whom are grown. The funeral took place Friday morning from Sacred Heart church. The interment was in St. Louis Cemetery.



Miss Maggie Flaherty has gone East.

Call at the office and pay your subscription.

Mr. John Greaney has returned from Asheville, N. C.

Mr. John McCrory, Sr., is spending a short vacation at Petoskey.

Miss Nell Meeken has gone to Cincinnati on a business and pleasure trip.

Miss Mamie Dillon has been visiting New York City during the past week.

Miss Reta Mulligan left Tuesday last to attend Loretto Academy, in Marion county.

Miss Lottie Cummings has been enjoying a pleasant week at Ciab Orchard Springs.

John McGrath, the popular Jail deputy, has been seriously ill during the past week.

Mr. Dave Moran, of Pittsburg, Pa., is visiting Mr. Thomas Whalen, 103 Twenty-fifth street.

The happiest man in the West-end is John Lincoln over his appointment on the police force.

Mr. Charles Obst, Jr., has returned from a pleasant vacation spent with friends at Vine Grove.

Deputy Circuit Clerk Fontaine Kremer left this week for the country to spend his vacation.

Mr. Chas. Byrne, of the Bourbon Stock Yards, left last Tuesday evening for a short trip to Chicago.

Misses Julia and Katie Kearns have returned from a month's visit to relatives at Decatur, Ill.

Jack Shelly's many friends may now find him with James Reagan, at Preston and Market streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Doolan and John Doolan, who have been visiting at French Lick, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. Joseph Taylor, President of Division 3, has been attending the G. A. R. encampment in Cincinnati.

Miss Minnie Sullivan has returned from a pleasant visit to her sister, Sister Doloretta, at Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Dan Scatty, of Shelbyville, is visiting this city. He is a guest of Mr. Michael Hartwell, of Oldham street.

Miss Rose McCoy has returned from Bowling Green, where she has been spending the summer with relatives.

Miss Brady Pence, of 1421 Portland avenue, handsomely entertained the Emerald Club on Tuesday evening.

Dr. Thomas L. McDermott, who for the past three weeks has been summering in Michigan, has returned to the city.

Mr. James J. Fitzgerald, Commissioner of the Jefferson County Court, has been visiting his mother, at New Haven, Conn.

Miss Mollie Minogue has returned from a visit of several weeks to her sister, Mrs. J. W. Hackett, of Shelbyville, Ky.

Miss Maggie Gorman, who has been visiting Mrs. Underwood at her country home at Avoca, has returned to the city.

Deputy Circuit Clerk Mark Ryan, one of the most popular men in the Court-house, has returned from a vacation of three weeks.

Miss Virgie Clark, of 1520 West Madison street, returned Thursday evening from an extended visit to relatives in Monroe, Ala.

Mr. John Cavanaugh came home on a visit last Sunday. He has been employed at the Nazareth Academy during the summer months.

Mr. Martin Murphy, the well-known fireman, and Miss Katherine O'Brien, a charming West End lady, were married last Tuesday evening.

Miss Ella Shea, of 434 East Main street, a very popular young lady, is visiting friends in Lebanon. She will return about the middle of next week.

Dr. J. T. Dunn and wife have returned from Alton, Ind., where they have been spending the summer vacation with relatives.

Misses Reata and Nellie Keane, two well known young ladies of this city, have left for Nazareth Academy, where they will attend school.

Miss Katie Lannin, a popular young lady member of the Aquinas Union, has just returned from Russellville, where she has been spending her summer vacation.

Mrs. M. Coneff, of Nineteenth street, has been spending a pleasant week with friends in Cincinnati, where she witnessed the G. A. R. parade and encampment.

Misses Anna B. and Josephine McGill, after two months' sojourning at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., which time was devoted to literature and music, have returned home.

The many friends of Capt. Joe Tankersley will learn with regret that he is still

confined to his home from sickness, but hopes are entertained of his speedy restoration to health.

Mrs. Martin Byrne and daughter, Mary, have returned home from a ten days' stay at West Baden Springs. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Byrne and their daughter, Miss Josephine.

Miss Annie Hagerty has returned from a pleasant visit to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Burke, of Birmingham, Ala. She will be pleased to meet her friends at the outing of the Ladies' Auxiliary Wednesday.

Misses Mamie, Anna, Katie and Nellie Sullivan, accompanied by their mother, will leave shortly for Earlington, where they will visit their cousins and the family of Mr. Thomas Smith, formerly of this city.

The many friends of Miss Mayme Brennan, of 1104 Oak street, will be grieved to learn of her serious illness. She is at Sts. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush, of Columbus, Ga., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Guthrie on High avenue. Mr. Bush is a prosperous hardware merchant of Columbus, Ga., and a son-in-law of P. J. Regan, the well-known ice man.

Miss Nellie Cunningham, Financial Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary, will hold a reception at the outing at Riverview Park Wednesday afternoon and evening, to which her host of friends is cordially invited.

Cards have been issued announcing the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Fowler. The celebration will be held at the residence, 1201 Brook street, from 4 to 9 o'clock this evening.

The Clifton Crescent Club will hold a reception for its friends at the residence of Mrs. Bolt, in Clifton, Thursday evening. The guests will be entertained with vocal and instrumental music and dancing and refreshments will be served.

Hon. Matt O'Doherty has returned from a pleasant vacation spent in Virginia. While absent he visited Philadelphia, where he was the recipient of special attention. Mr. O'Doherty is one of the most popular as well as representative Irish Americans of the present day.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sanford and daughter, Miss Terese, have returned from a three-months' visit to Germany. While absent they were guests of honor at the golden wedding of the father and mother of Mr. Sanford, in Laer, province of Hanover. Their trip abroad was an enjoyable one.

Readers of this column will be glad to learn that invitations are being issued for the inaugural dance of Young Men's Division, A. O. H., which takes place on the evening of September 20. Last season these dances were very select and enjoyable, and those receiving invitations are considered fortunate.

One of the most delightful affairs of the season was the barge party given last Wednesday evening to Arctic Springs by the Pastime Boat Club. Among those entertained were Misses Minnie Mackey, Addie Lawler and Mayme Dovan. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour, after which supper was served.

Assistant Fire Chief John Tully and Miss Pauline Riche, of Twenty-fifth and Portland avenue, will be married Thursday afternoon at the Church of Our Lady on Rudd avenue. After the wedding the couple will start for the East, where they will remain two weeks. On their return they will take up their residence at 636 Eighth street. The bride is a lovely and attractive young woman and has friends in all parts of the city. Chief Tully is one of the most popular men in the fire department. He was formerly Captain of the No. 6 Engine Company, but some time ago was promoted to the position of Assistant Chief of the department. He is an efficient officer, and few men have more friends.

THEATERS.

Field's Minstrels opened at Macauley's last night. There will be two performances today—matinee and evening.

The attraction for the coming week at the Avenue will be the popular drama, "Held by the Enemy." It will be presented by a good company.

The refurnishing and refitting of the Temple Theater have been completed, and everything is in readiness for the opening Monday evening, September 19. The members are all in the city, and have been rehearsing during the past week. They will present a play never before seen here for the first week.

The management of the Buckingham is to be congratulated on securing for their popular theater, for the week commencing with the Sunday matinee, Weber & Fields' celebrated New York success, the "Con-Curra." The title is taken from the fact that it is a parody on Paul Potter's play, "The Conquerors." It is from the clever pen of Edgar Smith, with music by John Stromberg, a positive guarantee that the material for the artists is of the highest order. Now for the artists themselves. Messrs. Weber and Fields have exercised their usual care in the selection of a cast of stars to produce their great success, and it will be seen at once that no salary was too high, and that they have secured the cream of the vaudeville and comedy profession. The Con-

GOOD ADVICE.

Archbishop Walsh Expresses His Sympathy With the New Movement.

He Sends One Hundred Dollars to the Wolfe Tone Monument Fund.

Writes a Splendid Letter Urging Unity of Action in the Future.

COURSE OF IRISH AFFAIRS REVIEWED

We print below the interesting and instructive letter of Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, which was crowded over from our last issue. It was written in response to an invitation to participate in the recent great demonstration in Dublin, and is an additional indication of more united and wiser action in the future. The letter was as follows:

I beg to thank you for the invitation which you have sent me to be present at the laying of the foundation stone of the national memorial next Monday and to speak on that memorable occasion. I regret that it will not be in my power to be present. I assume indeed that the invitation has been sent to me mainly as a matter of personal kindness; for it is, I think, very generally known in Dublin that I have always acted upon the principle of not attending any meeting or assemblage of a political character however strongly I might sympathize with the purpose for which it was held.

I can not therefore be with you on Monday, but I feel it as a privation that I thus lose the pleasure of witnessing the spectacle, now so rare in Ireland, of so many representative Irishmen, differing no doubt in their views even upon some vitally important points of national policy, but coming together in cordial union for the accomplishment of one great purpose of national interest as to which they are all agreed. I venture to express the hope that the spirit of unity that has thus been evoked may not be allowed to pass away with next Monday's ceremonial. May it endure until it leads to the establishment of an effective unity of purpose and of action among all who are solicitous for the establishment of a system of genuine legislative independence for Ireland.

The course of Irish public affairs in the hundred years that have passed since '98 has served to make more and more evident from year to year the truth, so far as Ireland is concerned, of those striking words which Wolfe Tone wrote in his address to the Irish people.

"The misfortune of Ireland is that we have no national government. In England the Government is English, with English views and interests only; the people are very powerful, though they have not their due power; whoever is, or would be, Minister can secure or arrive at office only by studying their will, their passions and their very prejudices. But is it so in Ireland? What is our Government? It is . . . a Government derived from another country, whose interest, so far from being the same with that of the people, directly crosses it at right angles. Does any man think that our rulers here recommend themselves to their creators in England by promoting the interest of Ireland when it can in the most remote degree interfere with the commerce"—or, let me add, with any other interest—"of Great Britain?"

Now, is it to be said of the people of Ireland—they allow it to be said of them by their enemies—that, although willing to raise a monument to Wolfe Tone's memory, they are unwilling to take to heart those other words of his in that same memorable address, where he goes on to say that, while "the proximate cause of our disgrace is our evil government, the remote one is our own intestine division, which if once removed the former will be instantaneously reformed."

The monument that is now at length about to be raised in our city by Irishmen of so many varied shades of Nationalist opinion will serve more than one purpose of national importance. Among the rest, it will be of use to all of us by confronting us with the remembrance of the words that I have now quoted. Thus it will stand in our midst as a perpetual reproach to any Irishman of Nationalist sentiment who by giving countenance to the spirit of discord and dissension may make himself in any degree responsible for the continued postponement of all effective effort for the restoration to his country of that right of self-government which, whether on political or on religious grounds, was struggled for, and in the end, was fought for by the men of '98.

I assume that a fund for the erection of the national memorial in commemoration of the heroism of those brave men will be opened without delay, and I enclose a check for £20 as my subscription.

Members of the Route Tenants' Defense Association held a meeting in Ballymore recently to consider the action of the Chief Land Commission in relation to the fixing of fair rents. Mr. William Stewart presided. This resolution was unanimously adopted: Moved by Mr. J. Megaw, and seconded by Mr. James Boyd: "That, inasmuch as the land legislation since 1870 was founded, with respect to rent, on the principle that improvements made by tenants should not bear any rent, we strongly complain that Mr. Justice Meredith, in his judgment in the Adams vs. Dunseath case, reversed this salutary principle, and awarded to the landlord the whole of the increased letting value consequent upon the tenant's investment of capital in the reclamation of a portion of his farm."

VANDALISM.

England Guilty of the Only Case in the History of the Civilized World.

The Capitol and Other Public Buildings Burned by Admiral Cockburn.

Value of Property Destroyed at Washington Aggregated \$2,000,000.

EXULTATION OF THE LONDON TIMES

From the Irish World.

The only case of vandalism on record in the history of the world is to be found in England's doings in America, and in the columns of England's chief newspaper, the London Times, it stands as a loudly applauded "splendid achievement."

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, an English publication, acquits the Vandals of the methods long associated with their name, in the following language: "There does not seem to be in the story of the capture of Rome by the Vandals any justification of the charge of the destruction of public buildings which is implied in the word vandalism."

This same publication boils down the whole history of the Cockburn barbarism to one sentence, as follows: "In 1814, during the second war with Great Britain it (Washington) was captured by the British troops, and the Capitol, together with most of the other public buildings, was burned."

Perhaps the writer was ashamed to go into particulars, yet even in the little he writes there is disgrace enough.

Our war of 1812 was subsequently a continuation of the fight for American independence. When the first British soldier quitted the soil of America in 1783 the freedom of the new nation was an accomplished fact, but it was not yet in the full sense an independent nation. Benjamin Franklin, when a fellow countryman remarked that the war for independence was successfully closed, replied: "Say, rather, that the war of the revolution. The war for independence is yet to be fought." Franklin knew that England had not given up hope forever of re-establishing her power here.

It was with grudging that George III. and the Parliament of England recognized the fact that they had been beaten. Though compelled to acknowledge defeat and America's rank as a nation, they still insisted on claiming, "Once a British subject, always a British subject." On the strength of this doctrine a proclamation was issued by the British Government giving authority to the commanders of British war vessels to press into the service "British-born" citizens wherever found.

"In the course of fifteen years," says Lossing, "thousands of native Americans had thus been made to serve a master (England) whom they detested. The United States Government frequently remonstrated against these outrages and demanded their discontinuance, but without effect. No arguments, no remonstrances, no appeals to justice could induce the British Government to relinquish so great an advantage, and so flagrant and frequent were these outrages towards the close of 1805 that in the memorials presented to Congress on the subject of British depredations upon American commerce the impressment of seamen was a prominent topic."

The burning of Washington was not the only act of vandalism performed by England. In February, 1813, an English squadron appeared in the Delaware Bay which destroyed many vessels. On the 10th Lewiston was bombarded because the inhabitants refused to supply the enemy with fresh provisions. "It was," says Spencer, "in the Chesapeake principally that this creditable species of warfare was carried on by the British ships. Cockburn was in command, and he rendered his name and character notorious on account of the numerous piratical incursions in which he indulged, the houses he robbed, the families he plundered, the wanton destruction of property he authorized and the shameful insults and injuries he inflicted upon defenseless women and children."

Frenchtown, Md., was attacked and plundered on April 29. On this occasion Cockburn burned and plundered the village to the amount of \$5,000, besides some ships that were in the harbor. Havre de Grace was the marauding knight's next object of visitation. On May 3 the English ships assailed the town by rockets, which set the houses on fire, followed by destructive bombshells, and while the panic and fire were raging the enemy landed. Finally the English burned and plundered the town and sunk many vessels. The "civilizers" next sailed up the Sassafus river, burning and plundering. Havre de Grace was \$60,000 poorer when they left than when they came. Georgetown and Fredericktown a few days later received visits from Admiral Cockburn and were deprived of considerable property. "These exploits," says Spencer, "were worthy of pirates and savages."

To continue, Cockburn's vandalism would only be a repetition of the foregoing. In Spencer's history there is one passage that is well worth quoting. It is as follows: "Great Britain was angry and almost furious (Spencer has reference to the victories of the brave Irish-American Gen. Croghan at Port Stephenson, Perry on Lake Erie and that of Benjamin Harrison at Thames), and the war henceforth promised to be one of savage raids and ruthless destruction." No truer words were ever penned. England had an abundance of ships and men unoccu-

pied, and she determined to strike a blow which should tell with tremendous effect and compel America to sue for peace at any terms. President Madison and his Cabinet began to fortify the national capital, fearing lest Cockburn would carry out his threat of the previous year to invade Washington.

On August 16 twenty-one sail arrived in Chesapeake Bay and joined Cockburn's squadron. One division was sent up the Potomac for the purpose of opening the way to the city of Washington; the main body ascended the Patuxent. After a victory from a small body of Americans at Bladenburgh on the afternoon of the 24th the English set out for Washington.

At 8 o'clock in the evening Cockburn entered Washington, which then contained about 900 buildings. "He came," says Lossing, "to destroy the public property there." As they advanced a solitary musket ball (the citizens of the city having fled at the approach of the fire fiends), was fired from behind a house, which killed the horse of Gen. Ross. The house was immediately assaulted and the work of vandalism commenced in earnest. The same fate awaited the materials in the office of the National Intelligencer, the Government organ, whose strictures on the brutality of Cockburn had filled that marauder with anger. Cockburn was about to apply the torch to this building, when he was prevailed upon by some women not to do so as it would endanger their dwellings. Cockburn desisted from this, but he caused all the type and other printing materials to be thrown into the street the printing presses to be destroyed and the library, containing many rare works, to be burned. Cockburn assisted in this work with his own hands.

The invaders followed the lead of their Admiral and rushed toward the Capitol. This imposing style, standing upon the brow of a hill overlooking the city in every direction, was even at that early period of its construction a building of unusual magnificence. Discharging their firearms at the windows, the soldiers burst in the doors and with a shout of triumph carried their leader to the Speaker's chair, from which, with mock gravity, he put the question: "Shall this harbor of the yankee Democracy be burned?" A yell of affirmation rang through the hall, and without further preliminaries papers and combustibles were piled under the desks and set on fire.

Now thoroughly aroused to their work of plunder, a howling crowd of the desperate marauders hurried to the White House in the hope, perchance, of capturing the President and his wife. Finding the house locked and deserted, they battered down the doors, and consoling themselves for the loss of their distinguished captives by a ruthless destruction of the furniture; they raided the larder and regaled themselves with a hastily prepared feast in the State dining-room. Then, destroying the remaining provisions and ransacking the place from garret to basement, breaking and mutilating whatever they could readily lay their hands on, they concluded their visit by setting fire to the home of the President.

Meanwhile the torch had been applied to other public buildings, besides several business establishments and private residences, including one formerly owned by George Washington. To capture the stores in the navy-yard and arsenal was one of Admiral Cockburn's chief objects, but his plan was forestalled by Commodore Timney, the commandant of the navy-yard, who, in accordance with instructions previously received from the department, set fire to all the magazines, storehouses and shipping as soon as he was assured of the presence of the enemy in the city.

Fanned by the gust of a storm, the fires that had been kindled in all directions burned and spread with increasing fury, lighting up the streets with a glare more brilliant than that of day and revealing in ghastly, lurid distinctness the forms of the marauders reveling amid their horrible work of devastation. Higher and higher leaped the angry flames, growing ever greater and fiercer, reaching out farther and ever farther, until the whole city was wrapped in a sea of flame whose mighty glow illumined the firmament with a light that startled the inhabitants of Baltimore, more than forty miles away. Amid the crash of walls and the fierce roar of flames, bursting shells hurled their death-dealing fragments in every direction, while igniting powder magazines rent the air with explosions, shattering citizens' houses and shaking the city to its foundation.

The scene that met the gaze of the citizens as they turned in their flight to look back upon the doom that had overtaken their homes was a fitting climax to the terrible drama of that momentous day. Great waves of flame rolled and surged over the city, heaving and tossing in tempestuous fury, and lapping the black vault of heaven as though the very air were afire. To this sublime horror of the earth were added the thunders and lightnings of the heavens, that broke forth in unusual violence. As though infected with the evil spirit of destruction, the elements raged with increasing fierceness until the next day, when a terrific hurricane completed the ruin that the flames had left unfinished.

Overlaid at the terrible devastation wrought by their hands and the forces of nature, the British stole silently forth from the city on the night of August 25 and beat a hasty retreat to their ships. Slowly and mournfully the hopeless inhabitants returned to their desolate homes. The value of the entire amount of property destroyed at Washington was estimated at over \$2,000,000.

The Government and Parliament of England warmly approved of Cockburn's act. When the news reached England guns were fired from the Tower of London in joyful celebration of the barbarity. Parliament unanimously voted thanks to Cockburn and to Gen. Ross, his colleague in the work of destruction. Parliament also decreed that at his death a monument should be erected to Gen. Ross in Westminster Abbey, the burial place of men to whom England desires to pay extraordinary honor, and the title "Ross of

Bladensburg" was decreed to the General and his heirs forever—Bladensburg, a few miles outside of Washington, being the place where the battle was fought previous to the raid of Ross upon the capital and the burning of the public buildings and public records there of inestimable value.

The London Times exulted over the burning of Washington. "The London Times," says Lossing in his Field Book, "then, as now, the exponent of the principles of the ruling classes in England, and the bitter foe of the American people, gloried over the destruction of the public buildings and the expulsion of the President and Cabinet from the capital, and indulged in exulting prophecies of the speedy disappearance of the great Republic of the West. 'That ill-organized association (the American Union),' said the Times, 'is on the eve of dissolution, and the world is speedily to be delivered of the mischievous example of the existence of a government founded on democratic rebellion.'"

"In long after years (in 1853), when Cockburn died, the Times lauded him chiefly for his marauding exploits in this country and his 'splendid achievement' in firing our national capital." "Admiral Cockburn," says the English Encyclopaedia Britannica, for his prominent part in the capture of Washington, on his return to England in 1815, "received the Order of the Bath; three years later he received the Grand Cross of his order, and was made a Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1818 was returned to Parliament for Portsmouth. In 1819 he was made Vice Admiral, and Admiral in 1837; in 1841 became Senior Naval Lord." Thus was the destroyer of our national capital loaded with honors, instead of obloquy, for his crime against civilization.

A BOY'S KING.

My papa, he's the bestest man
Whatever lived, I bet,
And I ain't never seen no one
As smart as he is yet.
Why, he knows everything, almost,
But mamma says that he
Ain't never been the President,
And that surprises me.

And often papa talks about
How he must work away—
He's got to toil for other folks
And do what others say;
And that's the thing that bothers me—
When he's so good and great,
He ought, I think, at least to be
The Gov'nor of the State!

He knows the names of lots of stars,
And he knows all the trees,
And he can tell the different kinds
Of all the birds he sees,
And he can multiply and add
And figure in his head—
They might have been some smarter men,
But I bet you they are dead.

Once when he thought I wasn't near
He talked to mamma then
And told her how he hates to be
The slave of other men,
And how he wished that he was rich
For her and me—and I
Don't know what made me do it, but
I had to go and cry!

And so when I sat on his knee
I ast him—"Is it true
That you're a slave and have to toil
When others tell you to?
You are so big and good and wise,
You surely ought to be
The President, instead of just
A slave, it seems to me."

And then the tears came in his eyes,
And he hugged me tight and said:
"Why, no, my dear, I'm not a slave—
What put that in your head?
I am a king—the happiest king
That ever yet held sway,
And only God can take my throne
And my little realm away!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

GREAT BALL GAME

For the Benefit of Mrs. Cox.
Both Teams Confident.
The Players.

All arrangements have been completed for the ball game tomorrow at the League Ball Park between Young Men's Division, A. O. H., and Mackin Council, Y. M. L., the proceeds of which, as has been heretofore stated in these columns, go to Mrs. Mary A. Cox, whose deserving case has attracted attention throughout the city. The joint committee of the two bodies has met with success and encouragement, and everything is now in readiness for a great benefit.

The First Regiment Band will furnish concert music in the grand stand before and during the game. Mayor Weaver is expected to pitch the first ball, and Jim Wolfe, the old-time veteran, has been agreed upon to umpire the game.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Thos. Keenan and Al. Strub the boys will ride to the park in hacks. Bud Hilleicher has provided the bats and Griffith & Semple and Reccius Bros. have donated the balls for the game. Grimes & Garry, proprietors of the popular West End base ball resort, have contributed supplies of different kinds to the opposing teams, thus reducing the expenses to a low figure and leaving a big margin of the receipts for Mrs. Cox.

The rival teams have worked hard and earnestly and are in condition to put up the game of their life. The exact line-up will be as follows:

Young Men's Division—Kilker, c.; Yenner, p.; O'Hara, s. s.; Milligan, 1b; Kelly, 2b; Donahue, 3b; Halley or Cooney, l. f.; Cunningham, c. f.; Kennedy, r. f.

Mackin Council—Gleason, c.; Gies, p.; Schriber, s. s.; Ryan, 1b; Schriber, 2b; Curran, 3b; Shelley, l. f.; Flynn, c. f.; Weber, r. f.

Play will be called at 3 o'clock.

There will be a big crowd of Hibernians at the ball park tomorrow to root for their team.

GINGER REILLY

Fun the Police Used to Have With Him in the Tenderloin District.

He Was Very Profane, Very Religious and Very Quick Tempered.

His Thrilling Experience With a Sawdust Anaconda and an Alligator.

HAD TO BEAR THE BRUNT OF JOKES

A group of police officials whose paths are now strewn with roses sat in the cafe of an up-town Broadway hotel one evening last week and talked of the old days, when they were young in the police business. Every man in the group was an old-timer, and all had interesting anecdotes to tell and interesting experiences to relate, says a writer in the New York Sun. Police Captain James K. Price was one of the party. Capt. Price is now in charge of the Tenderloin, a district which he knows thoroughly. When Alec Williams held sway there Price was his right-hand man. The story he related had to do with that time.

"In all my time on the police force, and incidentally the nine months I spent off of it," began Price with a grin, "I never met or knew a more interesting policeman than 'Ginger' Reilly. He was in the Tenderloin when Williams was there. Reilly has a good old Irish Christian name, but the boys dubbed him 'Ginger,' and the name has stuck to him since."

"He must have been hot stuff!" some one ejaculated.

"He was hot stuff," continued the narrator. "An Irishman by birth, he was as profane and as religious a man as I knew in the business. Reilly's profanity was a source of wonder to the men in his platoon. The boys would tease him just to hear him swear. He didn't mean to be profane, but it seemed to come natural to him and he couldn't stop it. That's the reason he was dubbed 'Ginger.' If any one had a practical joke to spring, Reilly was the man who had to stand the brunt of it. And there were a good many practical jokes quartered in the Thirtieth-street station-house when Reilly was there."

"For a post Reilly had Madison avenue from Twenty-third to Twenty-seventh street. The first year Barnum showed in Madison Square Garden the show hadn't been running a week when a rumor was afloat that an immense anaconda had escaped from the circus. It was only a rumor, of course, and probably originated in the brain of the circus press agent. Anyway, it was seized by a couple of Reilly's fellow policemen as a tip for a good practical joke on the Irishman. I was a roundsman then, and it was my duty to see that Reilly stuck to his post. The proposed joke was unfolded to me and I agreed to help play it. One of the jokers bought a dozen or more yards of a dark-colored material and had it sewed in circular joints on the stovepipe plan. When the cloth joints were put together they measured about fifteen feet. One end tapered and on the other was fastened an immense snake's head, which was procured from a theatrical costumer. This makeshift snake was kept hidden for a couple of nights in a Fourth-avenue grocery store near Madison Square Garden. The grocer was well supplied with chaff and sawdust, of which he agreed to let us have all we wanted. With the chaff and sawdust we were going to stuff our cloth-made anaconda."

"Reilly was to be the victim, and we left no stone unturned to give him a good scare. A couple of nights before the trick was sprung the jokers talked in awed tones about the anaconda that escaped from the circus. Reilly was always an interested listener, and the boys got him worked up in great shape. He was especially interested as Madison Square Garden, from where the anaconda was alleged to have escaped, was on his post. The night the joke was to be played Reilly didn't go on post until 12 o'clock. When the midnight platoon turned out the Sergeant on duty read the following general alarm at my request: 'Escaped from Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, now being held in Madison Square Garden, a copper-colored anaconda, fifteen feet long and as thick as a man's leg. The anaconda is a man strangler and very dangerous. If seen in the street notify the circus at once.'"

"The men went to their posts. Reilly relieved his side partner and was doing as usual a good straight tour. The cloth-made anaconda was in the Fourth-avenue grocery rapidly being filled with chaff and sawdust. When the job was finished it was quite a respectable serpent for one of its kind. The paper-made jaws were far apart, showing a glowing red within. At 2 a. m. Reilly was sighted on the west side of Madison avenue at Twenty-third street. The snake was carried into Twenty-sixth street and placed in the gutter near the northeast corner. A stout piece of twine was attached to the body near the head. The twine reached from the improvised snake half way across Madison Square Park, where that end of it was manipulated by myself standing behind an immense tree. I was to furnish the snake's motive power when Reilly hove in sight. I saw him coming up the avenue leisurely swinging his club. Unaware of danger or of practical jokes, he approached the southwest corner of Twenty-sixth street. The serpent was already moving at a good pace. Reilly had stepped into the roadway when he heard the rushing. Then he saw the open-jawed reptile making directly for him. He turned pale and yelled:

"'Holy mother, preserve me! There's that ———— sea serpent!"

"He turned with a whoop and a string of profanity and started like a lightning bolt down the avenue. I cut across the park to Broadway and ran to Twenty-third street. I started east on a walk. Running like wild toward me was Reilly. He was really scared."

"Rounds!" he yelled. 'I saw it! I saw it! An' if I didn't run the ———— sarprint would have made me poor childer orphans.'"

"You've been drinking, Reilly, and I'm afraid I'll have to report you for being off post."

"The man that says I'm drunk is a liar, and I can whip him," yelled Reilly. 'I saw that damn snake, or whatever you call 'im. I tell you he made for me, and when I ran he crawled into Madison Square Park. Och, them poor huns that's asleep on them benches! Sure it's the corpses they'll be when that laddybug gets through wid them.'"

"The upshot of it was I went back with Reilly, but I knew we would find everything peaceful. There wasn't any sign of a snake. To Reilly's great chagrin the sleepers on the park benches when awakened awoke they had seen no snake, and laughed at Reilly when he solemnly said he had been pursued by one. I left Reilly on the post and advised him not to make any report of the mysterious snake at the station house. When he reached the house, however, every one had heard of the snake. He was roasted unmercifully by the other coppers, who accused him of being drunk and 'hitting the pipe.' Several months later, when he learned he was the victim of a practical joke, he was furious. He swore he would whip the men who hoaxed him if he knew who they were, but he never learned their names."

"Reilly was the victim of a similar joke a few months later. It was in the winter time, when some one who was wintering in Florida sent one of the boys an alligator. When the 'gator reached the station house he was in a bad way from the cold. He was placed under the section room stove and every effort made to thaw him out. After a time he began to show signs of life. He was carried up to Reilly's cot and placed therein between the blankets. Reilly began to get ready for bed half an hour later. As was his custom when retiring, he knelt down beside his cot to pray. He always prayed in an audible tone and ended his prayers with 'God bless my enemies!' He asked blessing for his enemies this night and pulled down the clothes on his bed. As the clothes were removed the 'gator opened his jaws wide and gave a peculiar kind of a yawn. Reilly jumped back and swore himself blue in the face when the men in the section room laughed boisterously. Reaching over for his club he dealt the poor 'gator a powerful blow on the head, but put him out of business. Dressed only in his nightshirt Reilly ran down the stairs to the Sergeant's desk."

"Sergeant," he roared, 'some rowdy put an alligator in my bed and I want you to see it for yourself.'"

"Up the Sergeant went to Reilly's sleeping quarters, but there wasn't any sign of the reptile. While Reilly was making his complaint the dead 'gator was thrown out a rear window. It was found in the yard the next morning."

"When Reilly was praying he was subjected to all sorts of indignities by his room-mates. As he would be about finishing, rubber boots, shoes, helmets and night sticks would shower about his head. Then he would swear regardless of the fact that a minute before he had been praying. He would start for the first man he saw throw anything at him and there would be a rough and tumble fight. Reilly could fight, too, and the man he tackled never got away without a couple of hard bangs. But that didn't deter the boys from placing stove coal, salt, pins and every conceivable thing in his bed when they wanted to have fun."

"As you would expect, Reilly was an Irishman from the ground up. Anything tending to better the condition of Ireland met his hearty support. Everything printed in the papers about the home rule movement at that time was read over and over again by Reilly. One day he came in the house from post and picked up a paper from the section room. In big letters at the head of a column was the caption, 'Home Rule for Ireland.' The rest of the boys were engaged in watching the dying moments of Nigger Jim, a faithful dog that had been attached to the station house for years, and who was poisoned by some miscreant earlier in the day. Reilly read a few lines of the home rule article, and then threw the paper on the floor, yelling loudly:

"'Hurrah for Ireland! We'll get home rule at last.'"

"Before Reilly had finished Nigger Jim staggered across the floor and fell in a heap on the unopened newspaper Reilly had been reading. The dog gave a couple of convulsive shivers and was dead."

"Home rule for Ireland means death to terriers," said some one jocularly. Reilly got mad and insisted on whipping the man who insulted his race. He would have carried out his threat, too, if he hadn't been held until he cooled down somewhat. Nigger Jim, by the way, was buried in the station house yard and his bones now rest there."

"When Reilly was transferred from the Tenderloin he carried his belongings to his new post. He was very saving and wouldn't spend a dollar unless he had to. The night he went away he shouldered the mattress of his cot and started to leave the house. A couple of mischievous coppers stood on the station house stoop. As Reilly walked down the stoop one end of the mattress was slit open with a penknife and a match put to it. Reilly reached Seventh avenue before he discovered the fire. He dropped the burning mattress and jumped to the fire-alarm box on the corner. Then he turned in an alarm. You should have heard the way the firemen roasted Reilly when they learned why they had been called out. But Reilly didn't care. He was too interested in trying to discover

how the fire started. He never did find out."

"Where is he now, retired?" asked one of the listeners, as the story of Reilly was brought to a finish.

"Indeed he is not retired. He is still pounding the pavements in one of the upper West Side precincts."

APPOINTED POLICEMEN.

The Board of Safety Brings the Force Up to Its Full Quota.

The long needed increase of the police force of this city was provided for during the past week, when the number was increased to the regular quota—300 men. This announcement of the action of the Board of Safety was received with favor generally, the only exception being the carpet-bag gang who are now running the Louisville Commercial. There were a great many more applicants than vacancies, and it is conceded that the board exercised good judgment in both its appointments and promotions.

As a result of the increase there will be one more Captain, two Lieutenants, four Sergeants and two Corporals.

Tom Maher, who has made an enviable record as a detective, was made Captain. The promotion was richly deserved. Maher is an old policeman, and is not only one of the best men in service in point of discipline, but is one of the most intelligent. Sergt. Sam Owens and Sergt. Andy Miller, both good men, were made Lieutenants. Corporals William Wales, H. W. Stone, John Dalton and Ed Paul were made Sergeants, and John Holden, Fred Richter, Jessing, Pat Tully, John Monsch, John Hess, William Pfeiffer and Ernest Bruening were made Corporals.

Corporals Mel Lapielle, Steve Connolly and Charles McPeck have been assigned to special duty. Dressed in citizens' clothes, they will be stationed in the residence part of the city. Sneak thieves in the guise of peddlars, petty thieves of all kinds, and the maliciously mischievous small boys are among the nuisances they are expected to attend to.

The following is a list of the appointments made: John Lincoln, James Savage, Pete McKenzie, A. F. Renz, George O'Neal, Thomas Nohalty, Thomas Brown, John Cronan, J. J. O'Connell, Dan Thompson, John Enright, Mike Barry, Ed Kasenbrook, Fred St. John, Henry Houghlin, George Weinhoff, Charles Cruickshank, John Fossee, William Fluce, Pete Hennie, Ed Moran, Jerry Camozzi, Robert Deutschman, Walter Smith, George Brown, John Snyder, Henry Grass, Ed Egan, Tom Moore, W. S. Hutchinson, Andy Harrit, A. J. Sheridan, Jack Kelly, M. J. Hollahan, John Wagner, M. J. Leamy, Dan Mullen, A. S. McDonald, Albert Beaucerle, Louis Meagher, James Heffernan, William Galloway, John Sheehan, Pat Keenehan, Jr., Peter Schupp, Joseph Lee, William Lawler, P. Mullen, James Faust, Henry Bloomer, Richard Fitzgerald, John Spahn, Andy Schneider, James Murphy, Ed Pulford, Ed Callahan, John Doyle, Henry Olges, George Howard, Dave Gibbons, Con Wickham, Thomas Connolly, Charles Wheeler, John Flynn, John Gorman, Peter Maurer and Philip Herbold.

All of the above are destined to make efficient officers, many of them having had experience on the force heretofore. Mike Barry, one of the new men, was favorably mentioned for the position of Chief some years ago, and will not be long in coming to the front, as well as many of the others. There are no better citizens than those whose names appear above, the Commercial to the contrary.

SHAMROCK.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Hugh C. Kelly is one of the most popular young men in Belfast. He is the son of the sub-Sheriff for County Down, himself a popular and worthy man, one of the boys, in fact. A sub-Sheriff for an Irish county is a member of some one of the favored families. How popular Mr. Kelly is and what his general standing is may be judged from the fact that he is Treasurer of one of the most important yacht clubs in the British Isles.

Mr. Kelly is a lawyer with a big practice not only in Belfast itself, but also in Downpatrick, the county town which is popularly supposed to be the burial place of St. Patrick. In its jail at the present time are confined the men who were concerned in the assassination of the Irish Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavensish, brother of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Under Secretary, Thomas Burke.

Hugh McGildowney is a scion of an old County Antrim house. His father is a patriarchal old gentleman, with broad acres and a handsome residence near Ballycastle, not far from the celebrated Giant's Causeway. He is a magistrate for the county and was a member of the grand jury, a body of county potentates which has been abolished by the County Government law recently enacted. Young McGildowney went early, like so many other members of good families of Down, Antrim and Derry, to learn the ship-building business at Harland & Wolff's. He is now one of the constructors of the yard, and will have charge of the building of the Shamrock.

On Sunday an enthusiastic public meeting was held at Killawalla, between Balinrobe and Westport. It was expected that Mr. William O'Brien would attend, but owing to the visit of the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. Field he was unable to be present. Large contingents were present from Aghagower, Islandeady, Partry, Cushlough and Ballybean, and practically the entire population of Killawalla were present. The contingents were headed by banners and fire and drum bands. The sectional differences between Irish Nationalists are not permitted to interfere with the meeting, Parnellites and anti-Parnellites co-operating with equal enthusiasm. The chair was taken amid applause by Mr. Patrick Joyce, of Hazel Rock House, an extensive grazier.

Boys' School Suits

The pleasantest place in town to buy them, the most to see here, the most attractive styles and at most attractive prices.

Knee Pants Suits as high as \$12.

Long Pants Suits as high as \$18, and as low in price as honest goods can be sold for.

Nice Gifts.

Choice of Football, Indian Clubs or Dumb-bells with each Suit, regardless of cost.

School Shoes, Shirts, Waists, Caps, everything a boy wears.

LEVY BROS.

Third and Market.

SPORTING.

Watch this column for the news.

Paddy Gorman, of Australia, wishes to box Tom Williams again.

Seybold of the Richmonds leads the Atlantic League in home runs.

Mike Sears, who has been matched to meet Jabez White at Birmingham, Eng., sailed for the other side on Wednesday.

It is said that Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne have agreed to meet in a twenty-five-round bout at San Francisco next December.

Frank Seale signed James Smith, formerly shortstop for Hartford and Fall River. Smith is said to be a fine infielder and a good hitter.

Spider Kelly, of San Francisco, has written a letter to Spike Sullivan, asking the latter to come to San Francisco and meet him in a limited round bout.

Ten games were won and sixty-nine runs were scored by the Baltimore in the series against the Pittsburghs, the latter players winning four games and crossing the rubber thirty-four times.

"Black Griffo," the colored pugilist from Cincinnati, who was vanquished by Otto Sieflof, says that the poor showing which he made on Saturday night was due to the strained tendon in the left hand.

It has been decided that the New Yorks will play the Washingtons at Weehawken next Sunday and the New Yorks and Brooklyn will meet there a week from that day. Both games are postponed contests.

Terry McGovern and Casper Leon have been matched to box twenty rounds at 112 pounds before the club donating the best purse. Mike Small, of England, is also ready to box McGovern either in this country or abroad.

The date of the bout between Johnny Van Heest and Tommy Hogan, which is to take place before the Louisville Athletic Club, has been changed to September 21, in order to give the men more time to get in condition.

Jim Franey, the former lightweight, who is to tackle Australian Jimmy Ryan before the Kentucky Athletic Club September 26, has returned to his home in Cincinnati and has already commenced his training for the bout.

A match between Kid Lavigne and Tommy Tracey has been clinched. The battle is set for San Francisco in October. In making his matches the sports world why Lavigne has ignored Jack Daly with whom he has boxed two draws.

"Spike" Sullivan has notified Frank Moran, his manager, to withdraw the \$1,000 forfeit which he posted some time ago to meet Kid Lavigne. The reason Spike gives for taking down his money is that Lavigne has made arrangements to meet other boxers in preference to himself.

Although Kid Lavigne is the favorite in the betting in his coming contest with Frank Erne, which will be decided at the Hawthorne, Buffalo, on next Monday night, Erne's admirers are not backward with their cash. One Buffalo sport has wagered \$500 to \$800 that Erne will knock Lavigne out.

If Tommy Ryan fails to get a match with either "Mysterious" Smith, Dan Creedon or some of the cracks in the middle

IRELAND.

Record of the Most Important of the Recent Events Culled From Exchanges.

The lockout of employees of the Limerick clothing factory has been settled. Three hundred persons were effected by it.

Mr. John Daly, ex-political prisoner, has effected a settlement between the tailors in Limerick satisfactory to both sides.

Mr. N. J. Cosgrove has been elected a member of the Wexford Harbor Board. He defeated such strong candidates as Alderman Stafford and Mr. Lynne.

Mr. Patrick Doherty, Lecky road, Derry, sustained fatal injuries last week by falling down stairs in his home, while placing a bird and cage in position.

The Uringford Board of Guardians at last meeting passed a resolution of regret at the death of Mr. Warren. The deceased was a deputy lieutenant for the county.

The Roscommon Agricultural Society opened the annual show at Castlereagh last week on the usual grounds, about a mile from the town. The attendance was up to the average.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. J. McLoughlin, Killala, at the age of eighty-six years. He was one of the oldest and most extensive merchants in the town. Interment was in the old cemetery.

Matthew Gorman, farmer, died suddenly at Ballycotton, near Liscannor, a few days ago. During ten years he was a member of the Ennistymon Board of Guardians. When death came he was working in a hay field.

On Saturday morning the remains of Mr. Philip Bradley were removed from his residence, Cloughfin, Draperstown, for interment in Straw, Draperstown. An immense concourse followed the remains to their last resting place.

The dead body of Joseph McCann, carpenter, was found in the River Boyne, Drogheda. He was last seen alive on St. Mary's Bridge, midnight, before his remains were discovered in the river. How he came to be in the water is not known.

Mr. A. Barclay Walker, of Rockingham, Boyle, who has been for several months past on a voyage in the Polar regions, has written, stating that Herr Andree, the balloonist, who left some time ago in search of the North Pole, is likely to be found alive and well in Franz Josef Land.

The Mullingar Board of Guardians at the last meeting allowed the resolutions to drop in re Mr. John P. Hayden, who made in the House of Commons lately a speech in favor of disqualifying clergymen from being members of County Councils under the new Local Government Bill, Ireland.

Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, who is visiting Cardinal Logue, Armagh, was presented with an address on August 15 by the societies attached to the Cathedral. The instrument was signed by John Hughes, Michael Donnelly and George Willis, and was read by Mr. Arthur McGurke.

Delegates representing many branches of the County Monaghan Tenants' Defense Association met in Mr. P. Kiernan's Hotel, Monaghan, for the purpose of promoting the interests of the farming classes of the country. Mr. Hugh Gill Patterson occupied the chair. Resolutions framed by Mr. Patterson and Mr. MacAleese were approved.

Lord Bandon has given the Rev. T. O'Leary a site for a new Catholic church at Durruss at a nominal rent. The church is needed, and the Earl of Bandon has helped the good work. Lord Bandon's kindness will win for him a place in the hearts of the people of the district of Durruss, still the land really belongs to the people who are the old Irish natives.

Mr. Patrick Hayes, one of the "Old Guard," died after a short illness in New Tipperary lately. He bore his share of the "Rising" at Ballyhurst Fort, March, 1867, and afterward suffered a term of imprisonment in Clonmel jail. He leaves a widow and young family to mourn his loss. His funeral, which was large and representative, was attended by many comrades of the "Old Guard."

On August 10 a lecture and limelight entertainment was given in the Town Hall, Strabane, under the auspices of the James Hope '98 Club. The lecture was delivered by Mr. James McManus, Irish author, Mountcharles, Donegal. The subject chosen was, "The men, times and scenes of '98." A most entertaining and educational lecture was delivered, and fully appreciated by the audience.

A grand bazaar and fancy fair was opened in Ballinabutter on August 15 to raise funds for the erection of a new church. Mrs. O'Connor, Clonlis, opened the proceedings. The church is now almost finished, and is a superb edifice in itself. During the day sports were held inside the walls of the old castle, where the ancient days of the Kings of Connaught were independently and in regal splendor truly Irish.

A statement in connection with the Evicted Tenants' Fund has been published by the Irish party. The financial support rendered by each country during past fifteen months is given. County Cavan gave to the fund about twenty-one dollars. The benefits obtained by the farmers in the county are: Fifteen thousand tenants had their rents reduced to the appreciable extent of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The members of the Irish patriotic Historical Society held a meeting in 117 Donegal street, Belfast, a few days ago. Mr. John Norris presiding, when this resolution was proposed by Mr. John Clarke, seconded by Mr. Magee, and passed: "That this council indorse the principles which guided the men of '98 in their efforts to overthrow English rule and establish in its stead an

Irish nation; and furthermore, that the formation this year of a similar Society of United Irishmen would be a national and practical tribute to the men of that glorious epoch."

At a meeting of the Mo'hill and Ruskey National Teachers' Association, held in the court-house, the following resolutions were passed unanimously: "That we consider recent changes in the Maynooth resolutions sufficient to insure security of tenure to teachers serving under Catholic managers, and we are deeply grateful to the Bishops for being the first and only body to meet the teachers' reasonable demands in this matter."

Loughrea Wolf Tone '98 Club held a demonstration in honor of the immortal Tone. The town was illuminated; the band paraded the streets playing national airs. Some visitors from America headed the procession. When the house where lived Peter Finerty, editor of the Press, was reached patriotic tunes were played and cheers were given. The Abbey Convent and Parochial House were visited. Rev. Father Nohilly addressed the meeting.

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Dillon initiated a debate as to the conduct of the authorities in connection with Sergeant Sullivan. The Attorney General said he thought Sullivan had been removed from Mallaranny. It would have been wiser if he were not allowed to escort Kelly to Castlebar jail, and he would inquire into the charges made against Sullivan's companions of searching houses without warrants. Sergeant Sullivan has left Mallaranny barrack.

The New Zealand Observer said that St. Benedict's Hall, Auckland, was densely packed when the Irish Centenary of 1798 was commemorated by a gathering presided over by a Mr. J. Callan. Three most interesting addresses were delivered. The first was by Bishop Laminhan, who, as the grandson of one of the patriots who fell in the rebellion, had a special claim to the sympathy and attention of the audience. Then came a really delightful speech by Mr. William Whitaker, brother of Mr. Robert Whitaker, Sligo.

The Oliver Bond '98 Association in Bornaocoola is doing good work for old Ireland. A meeting was held recently, Charles Burbage, Chairman, presiding. J. Havlen, V. C. J. Conboy, J. Shanley, J. Duffley, J. Farrell, John J. Mulloy, present. The committee decided that the Ballinamuck demonstration to come off on Sunday, September 4, is deserving of every encouragement. It is intended to be the big event of this '98 year, and we confidently rely on the men of Bornaocoola to turn out in their hundreds on the above date.

Orange rowdism in Belfast is dying hard. When men of the Belfast contingent to the Wolfe Tone demonstration, Dublin, August 13, were returning to Belfast an Orange mob collected near the railway terminus, Victoria street; commenced to curse the Pope and sing "Rule Britannia." They flung stones at the men of the Nationalist contingent, smashed many valuable windows in business houses, etc. These ruffians could not have so conducted themselves had the police done their duty and prevented them from assembling.

The county consists of twelve baronies, named Ballyboy, Ballybritt, Ballycowan, Clonlisk, Coolstown, English, Garrycastle, Geashill, Kilcoursey, Philipstown Lower, Philipstown Upper, and Warrenstown, with a total area of 493,263 acres, which in 1841 supported a population of 146,857, and upon which area at last census (1891) only 65,563 persons were living. More than half of the people of the county have been swept away under British rule since 1841, exclusive of the increase that would have taken place in the natural order.

Thomas Judge, in the employment of Mr. Daniel O'Hara, grocer and provision dealer, Bessbrook, for fifteen years, has mysteriously disappeared. When Mrs. O'Hara came into the shop one morning Judge had gone and she found the following letter pinned to a ledger: "I am gone forever; make no search for me. You can give my worldly goods to my people or keep them yourself." On the return of Mr. O'Hara from Newry his wife showed the letter, and at once communicated with the police, who are searching for Judge.

Dr. Rawson, medical officer of the Carlow Union, when writing to the Local Government Board on the condition of the Union Hospital, said of the nuns: "Permit me to add an expression of my deep sense of the magnificent devotion of the nuns. It would be impossible to surpass their energy and untiring attention, their utter forgetfulness of self and the extraordinary rapidity with which they learn and apply any teaching I give them. It is a tremendous pressure for four nuns to do the nursing and look after all the household arrangements."

The remains of Mr. John Devlin were interred in Prospect cemetery, Dublin, lately. He was born in Newry fifty-seven years ago. He went to Dublin eleven years ago and joined the Gaelic Athletic Association. Preparing for this year's Centenary celebrations he did a great deal of useful work. He died in harness after a brief illness, surrounded by the hurriers whom he loved. At the meeting of the Celtics, on the motion of Mr. D. Walsh, seconded by Mr. T. Foley, a vote of sympathy with the family was passed, and a deputation delegated to attend the funeral.

Mr. Robert Mooney, a native of Maryborough, was found dead in the sea at Ashgrove, near Queenstown, lately. He had lived many years in the United States. About three years ago he returned, and set up in business at 10 and 11 Mabbott street, Dublin. The brother died some time ago, and deceased decided to go to America again, which accounts for his being in Queenstown. He was about 35 years of age. It is stated he has brothers—James and Luke—in Baltimore and Boston. He had on him two deposit receipts for money and an American bank book.

This is the only Irish American paper published in the Southwest.

HIBERNIANS.

What They Have Been Doing the Past Week—General News Notes.

Remember the outing of the Ladies' Auxiliary at Riverview Park on Wednesday next.

Popular Will McCarthy and P. J. Donahue will officiate at the turnstile at the park tomorrow.

Edmund Halley has won the box of toll for being the heaviest batter on the A. O. H. ball team.

Division No. 3 is taking an interest in the Kentucky Irish American, which is greatly appreciated.

Division No. 2 never fails to boom the Kentucky Irish American. The paper has its hearty support.

Messrs. James Campbell and Dave Murphy, who have been quite sick lately, are reported as rapidly improving.

Patrick Cronan is the possessor of a fine voice. His singing Thursday evening greatly pleased the members of No. 2.

Frank Cunningham has labored zealously to make the benefit a financial success, and has in a great measure succeeded.

Little John Yenner has gotten himself in fine condition for the ball game, and declares himself confident of pitching the Hibernians to victory.

Capt. Frank Cunningham says that, though appreciating the strength of the Mackin Council team, he has no doubt but that Division 6 will win.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H. are expected to attend in a body the benefit ball game tomorrow and make the air ring with cheers for the young Hibernians.

The members of Mackin Council and the friends of their team predict a surprise for their opponents. They will tell how it was done after the game has been played.

Patrick Higgins, of Division 3, won the gold badge, which will be presented him at the next meeting with appropriate ceremonies. Brother Higgins is a sure enough hustler.

Jerry O'Leary has an Irish violin, with which he will entertain the members of the order and their friends at the open meeting of Division 2 on the evening of Thursday, September 22.

Division No. 2 held a largely attended meeting Thursday night, President Mehan presiding. Several interesting reports were read and the division is again in a flourishing condition.

There was a good attendance at the meeting of the Young Men's Division Tuesday evening, and considerable business was transacted. County President John Murphy was the guest of the evening.

Young Men's Division No. 6 desires to thank through the columns of the Kentucky Irish American all those who contributed toward making the ball game a success, and particularly Mr. Thomas Keenan, who has generously provided the carriages for the division team.

Michael Keane, the oldest and most popular member of Division 2, received an ovation at the meeting of his division Thursday evening. He entertained the members with a pleasing Irish song and made an eloquent speech in behalf of this paper. More power to you, Michael, and long may you live.

More than one thousand persons witnessed the peace flag raising over the headquarters of Division 17, A. O. H., at 57 Hampden street, Boston. Short addresses were delivered by Representative Garrity, State President Slattery, of South Framingham; Representative Kellier, Capt. John B. Duffy and Councilman John P. Lannigan.

The next meeting of Division 2 will be a social one. The members of all the divisions in the city are invited to be present and each member of No. 2 will bring several friends. The visitors will be treated to a gramophone concert, also vocal and instrumental music, and a pleasant evening is assured. We will give the names of the entertainers in our next week's issue.

Patrick T. Mullin, the efficient Secretary of No. 3, tendered his resignation at the meeting of the division Wednesday evening. There was genuine regret at the severance of the pleasant relations that have existed for the past thirteen years between Bro. Mullin and the members of No. 3, during which time he has been honored with every office in the order. He received the hearty congratulations of all the members on his appointment to his new field of labor and carries with him their best wishes for his future success.

The annual festival and games of the Ancient Order United Hibernians of New York county were held at Lion Park on Labor Day, September 5. This proved to be the greatest festival of the season, as it signaled the reunion of the two boards accomplished at the National Convention held in Trenton recently. The officers were: Thomas McCabe, Chairman Committee of Arrangements; Daniel V. Clancy, Secretary Committee of Arrangements; County Officers: William Malley, County Delegate; Dennis J. Hanlon, County Recording Secretary; James H. Moyns, County Financial Secretary; Thomas M. Horan, County Treasurer; Hon. John T. Keating, National Delegate.

The Irish revolution of 1798 was commemorated in Portland, Maine, by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Western Maine on Labor Day. The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Montreal arrived in Portland Sunday before the celebration and were the guests of the Portland A. O. H. At 9 o'clock in the forenoon on Labor Day there was a grand parade, led by several bands. After the parade the people took the boats to Long Island, where a shore dinner was served by Cushing. In the afternoon there were speeches by the State President Corne-

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lius J. Callahan, Esq., of Lewiston; Hon. E. J. Slattery, the State President of Massachusetts; Very Rev. Father Wallace, of Lewiston, State Chaplain of the A. O. H. in Maine, and Father McDonough, Chaplain of the A. O. H. in Cumberland county.

Division 17, A. O. H., of Roxbury, held a flag-raising and patriotic concert at their headquarters, 67 Hampden street, Roxbury, Mass., in honor of the victories in the present war. The Hibernian Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps furnished music, and the Sheridan Guards of Division 17, John P. Murphy Captain, did escort duty to the invited guests and speakers. The speakers were Hon. E. J. Slattery, State President of the A. O. H.; Representative Richard W. Garrity, of Division 17; John P. Lanagan, of Division 17. Ex-President M. F. McGee acted as Chairman. Fully 5,000 Hibernians were present. Miss Gaffey, daughter of Stephen A. Gaffey, ex-President of Division 17, unfurled the flag, which is one of the largest that has been put up since the present war opened. The following committee had charge of the arrangements: Joseph A. Lyons, President William J. Hasson, Stephen A. Gaffey, Denis Coholan, M. F. McGee, Thomas J. Brannelly and Martin J. Smith; Joseph A. Lyons, Recording Secretary Division 17, A. O. H. of Roxbury.

OPENING AND RECEPTION.

Invitations are out announcing the opening and reception of the Carraro Brothers, Louis and Eugene, next Wednesday. Their place at Third and Green has been newly furnished and is now one of the handsomest in the city. They invite the general public to call and see them. In addition to all that is toothsome they will serve a specially prepared spaghetti, of which there will be an abundance.

There arrived at Broadstone Station, Dublin, a man who had been for sixteen years and five months immured in British prisons. He is Patrick Connolly, who was convicted with two others in Sligo in 1883 of the manslaughter of Lord Ardilaun's gamekeeper, Gibbons. They were sentenced to penal servitude for life. The two other prisoners were named Fox and Deskin, and the three had been waiting for their trial for more than twelve months before they were sentenced. It was a life sentence for Fox, who lost his reason in prison and died mad. Deskin was released in ill health some years ago. The authorities held Connolly until the last; in fact, as he says himself, "until they could keep me no longer." He feels weary and looks aged, but his general health seems good, when the terrible ordeal through which he has passed is taken into account.

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